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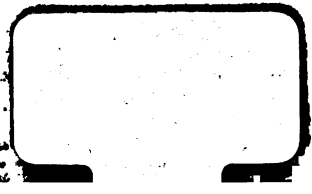

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POEMS.

VIZ.

SPRING.
SUMMER.
AUTUMN.
WINTER.
A HYMN on the SEASONS.

To the MEMORY of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.
And BRITANNIA.

By JAMES THOMSON.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's* Head, GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible*, And, WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Booksellers in *Dame's-street*, M DCC XXX.

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SPRING:

A

POEM.

By Mr. JAMES THOMSON,
AUTHOR of SUMMER and WINTER.

Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus.
Virg.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers in *Dame-street*,
MDCCXL.

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SPRING:

A

POEM.

COME, gentle SPRING, Ætherial Mildneſs, come,
And from the Boſom of yon dropping Cloud,
While muſick wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
Of ſhading Roſes, on our Plains deſcend.

OH HERTFORD, fitted, or to ſhine in Courts
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain,
With *Innocence*, and *Meditation* join'd
In ſoft Aſſemblage, liſten to my Song,
Which thy own Seaſon paints, when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like Thee.

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And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blaſts;
His Blaſts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
The ſhatter'd Foreſt, and the ravag'd Vale:
While ſofter Gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind Touch,
Diſſolving Snows in ſudden Torrents loſt,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
And *Winter* oft at Eve reſumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets
Deform the Day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding Marſh; or from the Shore
The Plovers theirs, to ſcatter o'er the Heath,
And ſing their wild Notes to the liſtening Waſte.

At laſt from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives Him. Then no more
Th' expanſive Atmoſphere is cramp'd with Cold,
But full of Life, and vivifying Soul,
Lifts the light Clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er All-ſurrounding Heaven.

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FORTH fly the tepid Airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient Husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty Steers
Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
Lies in the Furrow looſen'd from the Froſt.
There, unrefuſing to the harneſs'd yoke,
They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple Song, and ſoaring Lark.
Mean-while incumbent o'er the ſhining Share
The Maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing Clay,
Winds the whole Work, and ſide-long lays the Glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring Fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd Step, and lib'ral throws the Grain
Into the faithful Boſom of the Earth.
The Harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the Scene.

BE gracious, *Heaven!* for now laborious Man
Has done his Due. Ye foſtering Breezes blow!
Ye ſoftening Dews, ye tender Showers deſcend!
And temper all, thou influential Sun,

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Into the perfect Year! Nor, Ye who live
In Luxury and Eaſe, in Pomp and Pride,
Think theſe loſt Themes unworthy of your Ear,
'Twas ſuch as theſe the *Rural Maro* ſung
To the full *Roman* Court, in all it's Height
Of Elegance and Taſte. The ſacred Plow
Employ'd the Kings and Fathers of Mankind,
In ancient Times. And Some, with whom compar'd
You're but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
Have held the Scale of Juſtice, ſhook the Launce
Of mighty War, then with deſcending Hand,
Unus'd to little Delicacies, ſeiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous *Britons* cultivate the Plow!
And o'er your Hills, and long with-drawing Vales,
Let *Autumn* ſpread his Treaſures to the Sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the Sea,
Far thro' his azure, turbulent Extent,
Your Empire owns, and from a thouſand Shores
Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports,
So with ſuperior Boon may your rich Soil,

Ex-

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Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour
O'er every Land; the naked Nations cloath,
And be th' exhaustless Granary of the World.

Nor thro' the lenient Air alone, this Change
Delicious breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark Retreat
Of Vegetation, sets the streaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant Earth
In various Hues, but chiefly Thee, gay *Green!*
Thou smiling *Nature's* universal Robe!
United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells
With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight!

From the moist Meadow to the brown-brow'd Hill,
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,
Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd
In full Luxuriance, to the sighing Gales,
While the Deer rustle thro' the twining Brake,

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And the Birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
By *Nature*'s ſwift and ſecret-working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
With laviſh Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
Lies yet a little Embrio, unperceiv'd,
Within it's Crimſon Folds. Now from the Town
Buried in Smoak, and Sleep, and noiſome Damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
Where Freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the lucid Drops
From the bent Buſh, as thro' the fuming Maze
Of Sweet-Briar Hedges I purſue my Walk;
Or taſte the Smell of Dairy; or aſcend
Some Eminence, *Auguſta*, in thy Plains,
And ſee the Country far-diffus'd around
One boundleſs Bluſh, one ſnow-empurpled Shower
Of mingled Bloſſoms; where the raptur'd Eye
Travels from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
The fair Profuſion, yellow *Autumn* ſpies.

If bruſh'd from *Ruſſian* Wilds a cutting Gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his foggy Wings
The bitter Mildew, or dry-blowing breathe

Untime-

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Untimely Froſt; before whoſe baleful Blaſt,
The full-blown *Spring* thro' all her Foliage ſhrinks,
Into a ſmutty, wide-dejected Waſte.
For oft engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on Myriads, Inſect-Armies waft
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat
Thro' Buds, and Bark, even to the Heart of Oak
Their eager Way. A feeble Race! ſcarce ſeen,
Save to the prying Eye; yet Famine waits
On their corroſive Courſe, and ſtarves the Year.
Sometimes o'er Cities as they ſteer their Flight,
Where riſing Vapour melts their Wings away,
Gaz'd by th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd, the horrid Shower
Deſcends. And hence the skilful Farmer Chaff
And blazing Straw before his Orchard burns,
Till all involv'd in Smoak the latent Foe
From every Cranny ſuffocated falls;
Or Onions ſteaming hot beneath his Trees
Expoſes, fatal to the froſty Tribe:
Nor, from their friendly Task, the buſy Bill
Of little trooping Birds inſtinctive ſcares.

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These are not idle Philosophic Dreams;
Full Nature swarms with Life. Th' unfaithful Fen
In putrid Steams emits the living Cloud
Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,
Where searching Sun-Beams never found a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. The Stone,
Hard as it is, in every winding Pore
Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
Which dance unnumber'd to th' inspiring Breeze,
The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
Of mellow Fruit the nameless Nations feed
Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with Green, invisible,
Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
Each Liquid too, whether of acid Taste,
Milky, or strong, with various Forms abounds.
Nor is the lucid Stream, nor the pure Air,
Tho' one transparent Vacancy they seem,
Devoid of theirs. Even animals subsist
On Animals, in infinite Descent;
And all so fine adjusted, that the Loss

Of

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Of the leaſt Species would diſturb the whole.
Stranger than this th' inſpective Glaſs confirms,
And to the Curious gives th' amazing Scenes
Of leſs'ning Life; by *Wiſdom* kindly hid
From Eye, and Ear of Man: for if at once
The Worlds in Worlds enclos'd were puſh'd to Light,
Seen by his ſharpen'd Eye, and by his Ear
Intenſely bended Heard, from the choice Cate,
The freſheſt Viands, and the brighteſt Wines,
He'd turn abhorrent, and in Dead of Night,
When Silence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with Noiſe.

The North-Eaſt ſpends his Rage, and now ſhut up
Within his Iron Caves, th' effuſive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers diſtent.
At firſt a dusky Wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining Æther; but by faſt Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour fails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling thick
Sits on th' Horizon round a ſettled Gloom.
Not ſuch as wintry Storms on Mortals ſhed
Oppreſſing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,

And

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And full of every Hope, and every Joy,
The Wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the Breeze
Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing Woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aſpin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy Breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive Lapſe
Forgetful of their Courſe. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleaſing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort Suſpenſe
The plumy People ſtreak their Wings with Oil,
And wait th' approaching Sign to ſtrike at once
Into the general Choir. Ev'n Mountains, Vales,
And Foreſts ſeem expanſive to demand
The promis'd Sweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad Creation, muſing Praiſe,
And looking lively Gratitude. At laſt
The Clouds conſign their Treaſures to the Fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimply Pool
Preluſive Drops, let all their Moiſture flow
In large Effuſion o'er the freſhen'd World.

'Tis

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'Tis ſcarce to patter heard, the ſtealing Shower,
By ſuch as wander thro' the Foreſt-Walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
But who would hold the Shade, while *Heaven* deſcends
In univerſal Bounty, ſhedding Herbs,
And Fruits, and Flowers, on *Nature*'s ample Lap?
Imagination fir'd prevents their Growth,
And while the verdant Nutriment diſtills,
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

Thus all Day long the full-diſtended Clouds
Indulge their genial Showers, and well-ſhower'd Earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
Till, in the Weſtern Sky, the downward Sun
Looks out illuſtrious from amid the Fluſh
Of broken Clouds, gay-ſhifting to his Beam.
The rapid Radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Miſt,
Far-ſmoaking o'er th' interminable Plain,
In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full ſwell the Woods; their every Muſick wakes,

Mix'd

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Mix'd in wild Consort with the warbling Brooks
Increas'd, th' unnumber'd Bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
Mean-time refracted from yon Eastern Cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ætherial Bow
Shoots up immense! and every Hue unfolds,
In fair Proportion, running from the Red,
To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
Here, mighty *Newton*, the dissolving Clouds
Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous Prism,
Untwisting to the Philosophic Eye
The various Twine of Light, by Thee pursu'd
Thro' all the mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
He wond'ring views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
To catch the falling Glory, but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive Arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
A soften'd Shade; and saturated Earth
Awaits the Morning Beam, to give again,
Transmuted soon by Nature's Chymistry,
The blooming Blessings of the former Day.

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THEN ſpring the living Herbs, profuſely wild
O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
Of *Botaniſt* to number up their Tribes;
Whether he ſteals along the lonely Dale,
In ſilent Search; or thro' the Foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious Weeds account,
Burſts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
With ſuch a lib'ral Hand has *Nature* flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing Mold,
The moiſtning Current, and prolific Rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce
With holy Eye into theſe ſecret Stores
Of Life, and Health, and Joy? The Food of Man
While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
A Length of golden Years, unfleſh'd in Blood,
A Stranger to the Savage Arts of Life,
Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Diſeaſe,
The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

THEN the glad Morning walk'd the gladden'd Race
Of uncorrupted Men, nor bluſh'd to ſee

The

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The Sluggard ſleep beneath her ſacred Beam.
For their light Slumbers gently ſum'd away,
And up they roſe as vig'rous as the Sun,
Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
Mean-time the Song went round; and Dance, and Sport,
Wiſdom, and friendly Talk ſucceſſive ſtole
Their Hours away. While in the roſy Vale
Love breath'd his Infant-Sighs, from Anguiſh free,
Fragrant with Bliſs, and only wept for Joy.
Nor yet injurious Act, nor ſurly Deed
Was known among theſe happy Sons of Heaven;
For Reaſon and Benevolence were Law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on,
Clean ſhone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt Rays; and ſtill the gracious Clouds
Drop'd Fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling Mead
The Herds and Flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
Which when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
The glaſing Lion ſaw, his horrid Heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his ſullen Joy.

For

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For Muſick held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard
Warbling the joyous Heart; the Woodlands round
Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd
In Conſonance.---Such were theſe Prime of Days.

THIS to the *Poets* gave the golden Age;
When, as they ſung in Allegoric Phraſe,
The Sailor-Pine had not the Nations yet
In Commerce mix'd; for every Country teem'd
With every Thing. Spontaneous Harveſts wav'd
Still in a Sea of yellow Plenty round.
The Foreſt was the Vineyard, where untaught
To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy Grape
Burſt into Floods of Wine. The knotted Oak
Shook from his Boughs the long tranſparent Streams
Of Honey, creeping thro' the matted Graſs.
Th' uncultivated Thorn a ruddy Shower
Of Fruitage ſhed, on ſuch as ſat below,
In blooming Eaſe, and from brown Labour free,
Save what the copious Gathering, grateful, gave.
The Rivers foam'd with Nectar; or diffuſe,
Silent, and ſoft, the milky Maze devolv'd.

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Nor had the spongy, full-expanded Fleece
Yet drunk the *Tyrian* Die. The stately Ram
Shone thro' the Mead, in native Purple clad,
Or milder Saffron: and the dancing Lamb
The vivid Crimson to the Sun disclos'd.
Nothing had Power to hurt; the savage Soul,
Yet untransfus'd into the Tyger's Heart,
Burn'd not his Bowels, nor his gamesome Paw
Drove on the fleecy Partners of his Play:
While from the flowery Brake the Serpent roll'd
His fairer Spires, and play'd his pointless Tongue.

But now whate'er those gaudy Fables meant,
And the white Minutes that they shadow'd out,
Are found no more amid these Iron Times,
These Dregs of Life! in which the Human Mind
Has lost that Harmony ineffable,
Which forms the Soul of Happiness; and all
Is off the Poise within; the Passions all
Have burst their Bounds; and Reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul Disorder. Anger storms at large,
Without an equal Cause; and fell Revenge

Supports

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Supports the falling Rage. Cloſe Envy bites
With venom'd Tooth; while weak, unmanly Fear,
Full of frail Fancies, looſens every Power.
Even Love itſelf is Bitterneſs of Soul,
A pleaſing Anguiſh pining at the Heart.
Hope ſickens with Extravagance; and Grief,
Of Life impatient, into Madneſs ſwells,
Or in dead Silence waſtes the weeping Hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand new Emotions more,
That from their Mixture ſpring, diſtract the Mind
With endleſs Tumult. Whence reſulting riſe
The ſelfiſh Thought, a liſtleſs Unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
Then dark Diſguſt, and Malice, winding Wiles,
Sneaking Deceit, and Coward Villany:
At laſt unruly Hatred, lewd Reproach,
Convulſive Wrath, and thoughtleſs Fury quick
To every evil Deed. Even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her Courſe.

Hence in old Time, they ſay, a Deluge came;
When the dry-crumbling Orb of Earth, which arch'd
Th' impriſon'd Deep around, impetuous ruſh'd,

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With Ruin inconceivable, at once
Into the Gulph, and o'er the higheſt Hills
Wide-daſh'd the Waves, in Undulation vaſt:
Till from the Centre to the ſtreaming Clouds,
A ſhoreleſs Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

THE *Seaſons* ſince, as hoar *Tradition* tells,
Have kept their conſtant Chace; the *Winter* keen
Pour'd out his Waſte of Snows, and *Summer* ſhot
His peſtilential Heats: great *Spring* before
Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Bloſſoms bluſh'd
In ſocial Sweetneſs on the ſelf-ſame Bough.
Clear was the temperate Air; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the Zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue Expanſe; for then nor Storms
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the Waters: no ſulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and ſent the Lightning forth:
With ſickly Damps, and cold Autumnal Fogs
Sat not pernicious on the Springs of Life.
But now from clear to cloudy, moiſt to dry,
And hot to cold, in reſtleſs Change revolv'd,

Our

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Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,
The fleeting Shadow of a Winter's Sun.

And yet the wholeſome Herb neglected dies
In lone Obſcurity, unpriz'd for Food,
Altho' the pure, exhilerating Soul
Of Nutriment, and Health, ſalubrious breathes,
By *Heaven* infus'd, along its ſecret Tubes.
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the Lyon of the Plain,
And worſe. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,
Nor wore her warming Fleece: nor has the Steer,
At whoſe ſtrong Cheſt the deadly Tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung, and wild Neceſſity,
Nor lodges Pity in their ſhaggy Breaſts.
But *Man*, whom *Nature* form'd of milder Clay,
With every kind Emotion in his Heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
She pours ten thouſand Delicacies, Herbs,
And Fruits as numerous as the drops of Rain,

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And

And Beams which gave them Birth : ſhall He, fair Form!
Who wears ſweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
And dip his Tongue in Blood? The Beaſt of Prey,
'Tis true, deſerves the Fate in which he deals;
Him from the Thicket let the hardy Youth
Provoke, and foaming thro' th' awakened Woods
With every Nerve purſue. But you, ye Flocks,
What have ye done? ye peaceful People, what,
To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk
In luſcious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
Againſt the Winter's Cold; whoſe Uſefulneſs
In living only lies. And the plain Ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs Animal,
In what has he offended: He, whoſe Toil,
Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the Fields
With all the Pomp of Harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And wreſtling groan beneath the cruel Hands,
Even of the Clowns he feeds? And that perhaps
To ſwell the Riot of the gathering Feaſt,
Won by his Labour. Thus the feeling Heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt. But 'tis enough,

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In &

In this late Age adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.
High *Heaven* beſide forbids the daring Strain,
Whoſe wiſeſt Will has fix'd us in a State,
Which muſt not yet to pure Perfection riſe.

But yonder breathing Proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her Beauty forth, that Daubing all
Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint
Like *Nature*? Can *Imagination* boaſt
Amid his gay Creation Hues like Her's?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately ſweet,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the lovely Task;
Ah what ſhall Language do? Ah where find Words
Ting'd with ſo many Colours? And whoſe Power
To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays
With that fine Oil, theſe aromatic Gales,
Which inexhauſtive flow continual round?

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YET, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the Toil delight.
Come then ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whoſe Hearts
Have felt the Raptures of refining Love,
Oh come, and while the roſy-footed *May*
Steals bluſhing on, together let us walk
The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime
Freſh-blooming Flowers, to deck the flowing Hair,
And for a Breaſt which can improve their Sweets.

SEE, where the winding Vale her laviſh Stores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the Lilly drinks
The latent Rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the Graſs
Of Growth luxuriant, or the humid Bank
Profuſely climbs. Turgent, in every Pore
The Gummy Moiſture ſhines, new luſtre lends,
And feeds the Spirit that diffuſive round
Refreſhes all the Dale. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of bloſſom Beans: *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the Senſe, and takes the raviſh'd Soul.
Nor is the Meadow worthleſs of our Foot,

Full

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Full of freſh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild,
Where, undiſguis'd my mimic *Art*, ſhe ſhows
Unbounded Beauty to the boundleſs Eye.
'Tis here that their delicious Task the Bees,
In ſwarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
This Way and that, the buſy Nations fly,
Cling to the Bud, and, with inſerted Tube,
It's Soul, it's Sweetneſs, and it's Manna ſuck.
The little Chymiſt thus, all-moving *Heaven*
Has taught. And oft, of bolder Wing, he dares
The Purple Heath, or where the Wild-Thyme grows,
And yellow loads him with the luſcious Spoil.

At length the finiſh'd Garden to the View
It's Viſtas opens, and it's Alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
Of Covert cloſe, where ſcarce a Speck of Day
Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted darts;
Now meets the bending Sky, the River now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,

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The Foreſt running round, the riſing Spire,
Th' ætherial Mountain, and the diſtant Main.
But why ſo far excurſive? When at Hand,
Along the bluſhing Borders, dewy-bright,
And in yon mingled Wilderneſs of Flowers,
Fair-handed *Spring* unboſoms every Grace;
Throws out the Snow-Drop, and the Crocus firſt,
The Daiſy, Primroſe, Violet darkly blue,
Soft-bending Cowſlips, and of nameleſs Dyes,
Anemonies, Auriculas, a Tribe
Peculiar powder'd with a ſhining Sand,
Renunculas, and Iris many-hued.
Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
Her gayeſt Freaks; from Family diffus'd
To Family, as flies the Father-Duſt,
The varied Colours run; and while they break
On the charm'd *Floriſt*'s Eye, he wandering ſtands,
And new-ſtuſh'd Glories all ecſtatic marks.
Nor Hyacinths are wanting, nor Junquills
Of potent Fragrance, nor Narciſſus white,
Nor deep Carnations, nor enamel'd Pinks,
And ſhow'r'd from every Buſh the Damask-Roſe.

In

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Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
With Hues on Hues, Expreſſion cannot paint,
The Breath of *Nature*, and her endleſs Bloom.

HAIL, *Mighty Being!* *Univerſal Soul*
Of Heaven and Earth! *Eſſential Preſence*, hail!
To *Thee* I bend the Knee, to *Thee* my Thoughts
Continual climb, who, with a Maſter-Hand,
Haſt the great Whole into Perfection touch'd,
By *Thee* the various vegetative Tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
Draw the live Æther, and imbibe the Dew.
By *Thee* diſpos'd into congenial Soils
Stands each attractive Plan, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy Tide, a twining Maſs of Tubes.
At *Thy* Command, the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root
By Wintry Winds, that now, in fluent Dance
And lively Fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd Scene of things.

ASCENDING from the vegetable World
To higher Life, with equal Wing aſſurd,

My

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My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the Woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt Trim.
Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running Soul of Melody
Into my varied Verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt Note the hollow Cuckoo ſings,
The Symphony of *Spring*, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, the Paſſion of the Groves.

JUST as the Spirit of Love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital Air, and on their Hearts
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay Troops begin
In gallant Thought to plume their painted Wings;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At firſt-faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft Infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than all alive at once their Joy o'erflows
In Muſick unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the Lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the Meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, He mounted ſings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copſe

Digitized by Google Thick-

Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Buſh,
Bending with dewy Moiſture o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thruſh,
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt Length
Of Notes, when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in Thought
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny Brake;
The mellow Bull-finch anſwers from the Grove:
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze,
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Thouſands beſide, thick as the covering Leaves
They warble under, or the nitid Hues
Which ſpeck them o'er, their Modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And all theſe jangling Pipes, when heard alone,
Here aid the Conſort: while the Wood-Dove breathes
A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis

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'Tis Love creates their Gaiety, and all
This Waſte of Muſic is the Voice of Love;
Which even to Birds, and Beaſts, the tender Arts
Of Pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy Kind
Try every winning Way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in fluttering Courtſhip pour
Their little Souls before Her. Wide around,
Reſpectful, firſt in airy Rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand Tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted Glance
Of their regardleſs Charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt Approvance to beſtow,
Their Colours burniſh, and by Hope inſpir'd
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach,
And throwing out the laſt Efforts of Love,
In fond Rotation ſpread the ſpotted Wing,
And ſhiver every Feather with Deſire.

Connubial Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
They haſte away, each as their Fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or Food, or latent Safety prompts;

That

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That *Nature*'s great Command may be obey'd,
Nor all theſe ſweet Senſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the Thicket ſome;
Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn
Reſolve to truſt their Young. The clefted Tree
Offers it's kind Concealment to a few,
Their Food it's Inſects, and it's Moſs their Neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy Dale
Their humble Texture weave. But moſt delight
In unfrequented Glooms, or ſhaggy Banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
Whoſe Murmurs ſooth them all the live-long Day,
When for a Seaſon fix'd. Among the Roots
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
They frame the firſt Foundation of their Domes,
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Manner laid,
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
But Hurry Hurry thro' the buſy Air,
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow ſweeps
The ſlimy Pool, to build his hanging Houſe
Ingeniouſly intent. Oft from the Back

Of

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Of Herds and Flocks a thouſand tugging Bills
Pluck Hair, and Wool, and oft when unobſerv'd
Steal from the Barn the Straw; till ſoft, and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

MEAN-TIME the patient Dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender Task,
Or by ſharp Hunger, or by ſmooth Delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathiſing Lover takes his Stand
High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious Time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her Place a Moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young
Warm'd, and expanded into perfect Life,
Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
A helpleſs Family, demanding Food
With conſtant Clamour. Oh what Paſſions then,
What melting Sentiments of kindly Care
Seize the new Parents' Hearts! away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious Morſel to their Young,

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Which equally distributed, again
The Search begins. So pitiful, and poor,
A gentle Pair on Providential *Heaven*
Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant Train,
Check their own Appetites, and give them all.

Nor is the Courage of the fearful Kind,
Nor is their Cunning less, should some rude Foot
Their Woody Haunts molest; stealthy aside
Into the Centre of a neighb'ring Bush
They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive
The rambling School-Boy. Hence around the Head
Of Traveller, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her sounding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excursion skims the level Lawn,
To tempt you from her Nest. The Wild Duck hence
O'er the rough Heath, and o'er the trackless Waste
The Heath-Hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead
The hot, pursuing Spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the Grove, by Tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage

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From Liberty confin'd, and boundleſs Air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
Ragged, and all it's brightning Luſtre loſt,
Nor is that luſcious Wildneſs in their Notes
That warbles from the Beech. Oh then deſiſt,
Ye Friends of Harmony! this barbarous Art
Forbear, if Innocence and Muſic can
Win on your Hearts, or Piety perſwade,

But let not chief the Nightingale lament
Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh Confinement of the Cage.
Oft when returning with her loaded Bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Mother finds a vacant Neſt,
By the hard Hands of unrelenting Clowns
Rob'd to the Ground the vain Proviſion falls;
Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the Mourner to the Poplar Shade,
Where all-abandon'd to Deſpair ſhe ſings
Her Sorrows thro' the Night; and, on the Bough
Sad-ſitting, ſtill at every dying Fall
Takes up again her lamentable Strain

Of

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Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods
Sigh at her Song, and with her Wail resound.

And now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds
Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their Wings,
Demand the free Possession of the Sky.
But this glad Office more, and then dissolves
Parental Love at once; for needless grown,
Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods
With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes
Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad
On *Nature*'s Common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge
Their Resolution fails; their Pinions still,
In loose Libration stretch'd, the void Abrupt
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging Air receives
The plumy Burden; and their self-taught Wings

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Winnow the waving Element. On Ground
Alighted bolder, up again they lead
Farther and farther on the lengthning Flight;
Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power
Rouz'd into Life, and Action, in the Void
Th' exoner'd Parents see their soaring Race,
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,
Hung o'er the green Sea gradging at it's Base,
The Royal Eagle draws his Young, essay'd
To try them at the Sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
As burnish'd Day, they up the blue Sky wind,
Leaving dull Sight below, and with fix'd Gaze
Drink in their native Noon: The Father-King
Claps his glad Pinions, and approves the Birth.

And should I wander to the rural Seat,
Whose aged Oaks, and venerable Gloom
Invite the noisy Rook, with Pleasure there,
I might the various Polity survey
Of the mixt Flourish'd Kind. The careful Hen
Calls

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Calls all her chirping Family around,
Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,
Whose Breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
The finely-chequer'd Duck, before her Train,
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing Swan
Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale,
And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
Bears onward fierce, and beats you from the Bank,
Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock spreads
His every colour'd Glory to the Sun,
And swims in floating Majesty along.
O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade
Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World
Of Brutes below rush furious into Flame,
And fierce Desire. Thro' all his lusty Veins
The Bull, deep-scorch'd, receives the raging Fire.

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Of Paſture ſick, and negligent of Food,
Scarce-ſeen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
While o'er his brawny Back the rambling Sprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy Wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing Bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs Senſe:
For, wrapt in mad Imagination, he
Roars for the Fight, and idly butting feigns
A Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
Such ſhould he meet, the bellowing War begins;
Their eyes flaſh Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
And groaning vaſt th' impetuous Battle mix:
While the fair Heifer, redolent, in View
Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every Nerve,
Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the ſounding Whip;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his Head,
And by the well-known Joy to diſtant Plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild, he burſts away;
O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies,
And neighing on th' aerial Summit takes

Th'

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Th' informing Gale; then ſteep-deſcending ſtems
The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
Even where the Madneſs of the ſtraiten'd Stream
Turns in black Eddies round: Such is the Force
With which his frantic Heart, and Sinews ſwell.

Nor, undelighted by the boundleſs *Spring*,
Are the broad Monſters of the Deep: thro' all
Their oozy Caves, and gelid Kingdoms rous'd,
They flounce, and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
Dire were the Strain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind;
How the red Lioneſs, her Whelps forgot
Amid the thoughtleſs Fury of her Heart,
The lank rapacious Wolf, th' unſhapely Bear,
The ſpotted Tyger, felleſt of the Fell,
And all the Terrors of the *Lybian* Swain,
By this new Flame their Native Wrath ſublim'd,
Roam the reſounding Waſte in fiercer Bands,
And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
I ſing, tranſported to the *Britiſh* Fair,

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Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
Of various Cadence; and his sportive Lambs,
This way and that convolv'd in friskful Glee,
Their little Frolicks play. And now the Pipe
Invites them forth; when swift, the Signal given,
They start away, and sweep the circly Mound
That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once
Of Iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,
When disunited *Britain* ever bled,
Lost in eternal *Broil*; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid, indissoluble State,
Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden Head,
And o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*
Illustrious watch, the Wonder of a World!

What is this mighty *Breath*, ye Curious, say,
Which, in a Language rather felt than heard,
Instructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breasts
These

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These Arts of Love diffuse? What? but GOD!
Inſpiring GOD! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Subſiſts, adjuſts, and agitates the Whole.
He conſtitutes works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work, ſo unconfuſedly form'd
Is this complex, unmeaſuring Scene of Things,
But tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye
Th' informing Author in his Works appears;
His Grandeur in the Heavens: the Sun, and Moon,
Whether that fires the Day, or filling this
Pours out a lucid Softneſs o'er the Night,
Are but a Beam from Him. The glittering Stars,
By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their Midnight Watches ſing of Him.
He nods a Calm. The Tempeſt blows His Wrath,
Roots up the Foreſt, and o'erturns the Main.
The Thunder is His Voice; and the red Flaſh
His ſpeedy Sword of Juſtice. At his touch
The Mountains flame. He takes the ſolid Earth,
And ſhakes the Nations. Nor in theſe alone,

In

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In every common Inſtance *G O D* is ſeen;
And to the Man, who caſts his mental Eye
Abroad, unnotic'd Wonders riſe. But chief
In Thee, Boon *Spring*, and in thy ſofter Scenes,
The ſmiling *G O D* appears; while Water, Earth,
And Air atteſt his Bounty, which inſtils
Into the Brutes this temporary Thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning Hearts
Profuſely thus in Tenderneſs, and Joy.

STILL let my Song a nobler Note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive Force of *Spring* on Man;
When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his Being, and ſerene his Soul.
Can he forbear to ſmile with *Nature*? Can
The ſtormy Paſſions in his Boſom rowl,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove
Is Melody? Hence, from the bounteous Walks
Of flowing *Spring*, ye ſordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,
Or only laviſh to yourſelves,—away.
But come, ye generous Breaſts, in whoſe wide Thought,

Of

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Of all his Works, *Creative Beauty*, moſt,
Divinely burns; and on your open Front,
And liberal Eye, ſits, from his dark Retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor only fair,
And eaſy of Approach; your active Search
Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd,
Like ſilent-working *Heaven*, ſurprizing oft
The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
Blows *Spring* abroad, for you the teeming Clouds
Deſcend in buxom Plenty o'er the World,
And the Sun ſpreads his genial Blaze for you,
Ye flower of Human Race! In theſe green Days,
Sad-pining Sickneſs lifts her languid Head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole Creation round. Contentment walks
The Sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliſs
Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Pride of Kings
E'er to beſtow. Serenity apace
Induces Thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
By ſmall Degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the Boſom; till at laſt arriv'd

To

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To Rapture, unbidden Glear,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The Joy of GOD, to see a happy World.

'Tis *Harmony*, that World-embracing Power,
By which all Beings are adjusted, each
To all around, impelling and impell'd
In endless Circulation, that inspires
This universal Smile. Thus the glad Skies,
The wide-rejoicing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,
With every *Life* they hold, down to the Flower
That paints the lowly Vale, or Insect-Wing
Wav'd o'er the Shepherd's Slumber, touch the Mind
To Nature turn'd, with a light-flying Hand,
Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the Nerves,
The glittering Spirits, in a Flood of Day.

Hence from the Virgin's Cheek, a fresher Bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;
Her Lips bloom deeper Sweets; the breathes of Youth;
The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,
In brighter Flow, her milking Bosom heaves

With

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With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults fieze
Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
From the keen Gaze her Looks turns away,
Full of the dear enfeebling Power, and ſick
With ſighing Languiſhment. Ah, then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding Hearts;
Dare not th' infectious Sigh, the pleading Eye
In meek Submiſſion dreſt, dejected, and low,
But full of tempting Guile. Let not the Tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with Adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd Wills. Nor in the Bower,
Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roſes ſhed a Couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon'd Curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft Minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aſpiring Youth beware of Love,
And ſhun th' enchanting Glance, for 'tis too late
When on his Heart the Torrent Softneſs pours.
Then Intereſt ſinks to Dirt, and diſtant Fame
Diſſolves in Air away. While the fond Soul
Is wrapt in Dreams of Ecſtacy, and Bliſs;
Still paints th' illuſive Form, the kindling Grace,

Th'

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Th' alluring Smile, the full æthereal Eye
Effuſing Heaven; and liſtens ardent ſtill
To the ſmall Voice, where Harmony and Wit,
A modeſt, melting, mingled Sweetneſs, flow.
No ſooner is the fair Idea form'd,
And Contemplation fixes on the Theme,
Than from his own Creation wild he flies,
Sick of a Shadow. Abſence comes apace,
And ſhoots his every Pang into his Breaſt.
'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
Loſes his Light. The roſy-boſom'd *Spring*
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch
Of Heaven low-bends into a dusky Vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and She alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every Thought,
Fills every Senſe, and pants in every Vein.
Books are but formal Dulneſs, tedious Friends.
And ſad amid the Social Band he ſits,
Lonely, and inattentive. From the Tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd Period falls: while, born away,
On ſwelling Thought, his waſted Spirit flie
To the dear Boſom of his abſent Fair;

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And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
And Love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender Trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering Shades, and ſympathetic Glooms,
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream
Romantic hangs; there thro' the penſive Dusk
Strays, in Heart-thrilling Meditation loſt,
Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank
Thrown, amid drooping Lillies, ſwells the Breeze
With Sighs unceaſing, and the Brook with Tears.
Thus in ſoft Anguiſh he conſumes the Day;
Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the Chambers of the fleecy Eaſt,
Enlighten'd by Degrees, and in her Train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling Languiſh of her Beams,
With ſoften'd Soul, and woes the Bird of Eve
To mingle Woes with his: or while the World,
And all the Sons of Care lie huſh'd in Sleep,
Aſſociates with the Midnight Shadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely Taper, pours

His

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His sweetly tortur'd Heart into the Page
Meant for the moving Messenger of Love.
But ah how faint, how meaningless, and poor,
To what his Passion swells! which bursts the Bounds
Of every Eloquence, and asks for Looks,
Where Fondness flows on Fondness, Love on Love,
Entwisting Beams with Her's, and speaking more
Than ever charm'd, as their Rest sigh'd,
To listening Beauty, bright with conscious Smiles,
And graceful Vanity. But if on Bed
Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.
All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power
In any Posture finds; 'till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,
Examinate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a-while to Rest,
Still interrupted by disorder'd Dreams,
That o'er the sick Imagination rise,
And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.
Oft with the Charmer of his Soul he talks;
Sometimes in Crowds distrest; or if retir'd
To secret winding Flower-inwoven Bowers,

Far

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Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he kneeling all his former Cares
Begins to loſe in vaſt oblivious Love,
Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
Thro' Foreſts huge, and long untravel'd Heaths
With Deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In Night and Tempeſt wrapt: or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending Precipice; or wades
The turbid Stream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther Shore, where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
His Dearer Life extends her beckoning Arms,
But ſtrives in vain, born by th' outragious Flood
To Diſtance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy ſinks.
Then a weak, wailing, lamentable Cry
Is heard, and all in Tears he wakes, again
To tread the Circle of revolving Woe.
Theſe are the charming Agonies of Love,
Whoſe Miſery delights. But thro' the Heart
Should Jealouſy its Venom once diffuſe,

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'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
But Agony unmix'd, inceſſant Rage,
Corroding every Thought, and blaſting all
The Paradiſe of Love. Ye Fairy Proſpects then,
Ye Beds of Roſes, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewel! Ye Gleamings of departing Peace,
Shine out your laſt! The yellow-tinging Plague
Internal Viſion taints, and in a Night
Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
Ay then, inſtead of Love-enliven'd Cheeks,
Of ſunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with unkinder Fire,
A clouded Aſpect, and a burning Cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd Soul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand Fears,
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic Views
Of horrid Rivals, hanging the Charms
For which he melts in Fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent Anguiſh, and conſuming Pine.
In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,

Deceitful

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Deceitful Pride, and Reſolution frail,
Giving a Moment's Eaſe. Reflection pours,
Afreſh, her Beauties on his buſy Thought,
Her firſt Endearments, twining round the Soul,
With all the Witchcraft of enſnaring Love.
Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew;
Flames thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins;
While anxious Doubt diſtracts the tortur'd Heart;
For even the ſad Aſſurance of his Fears
Were Heaven to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life
Of favour'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;
His brighteſt Aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively Moments running down to Waſte.

But happy they! the happieſt of their Kind!
Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate
Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
'Tis not the courſer Tie of human Laws,

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Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
Which bends their Peace, but Harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their Paſſions into Love;
Where Friendſhip full-exerts his ſofteſt Power,
Perfect Eſteem enliven'd by Deſire
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundleſs Confidence; for nought but Love
Can anſwer Love, and render Bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid Parents buys
The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
Well-merited, conſume his Nights and Days.
Let barbarous Nations, whoſe inhuman Love
Is wild Deſire, fierce as the Suns they feel,
Let Eaſtern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
Seclude their Boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſt
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated Form:
While thoſe whom Love cements, in holy Faith,
And equal Tranſport, free as Nature, live,
Diſdaining Fear; for what's the World to them,

It's

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It's Pomp, it's Pleaſure, and it's Nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High Fancy forms, and laviſh Hearts can wiſh,
Something than Beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the Mind, or Mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodneſs, Honour, Harmony and Love,
The richeſt Bounty of indulgent *Heaven*.
Mean-time a ſmiling Offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
The human Bloſſom blows; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhows ſome new Charm,
The Father's Luſtre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind Hand of an aſſiduous Care:
Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh Inſtruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th' inſpiring Spirit, and to plant
The generous Purpoſe in the glowing Breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the Joy! You, whom the ſudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,

And

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And nothing ſtrikes your Eye but Sights of Bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the Heart,
Obedient Fortune, and approving *Heaven*.
Theſe are the Bleſſings of diviner Love;
And thus their Moments fly; the *Seaſons* thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring World they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy Garland on their Head:
Till Evening comes at laſt, cool, gentle, calm;
When after the long vernal Day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as Soul approaches Soul,
Together, down they ſink in ſocial Sleep.

THE END.

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SUMMER.

A

POEM.

Inſcrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODINGTON.

By JAMES THOMSON.

With large Additions.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH, Bookſellers in *Dame-ſtreet*,

MDCCXL.

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The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propos'd. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. DODDINGTON. *An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the* SEASONS. *As the face of nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. Morning. A view of the Sun riſing. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Rural proſpects. Summer inſects deſcrib'd. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and herds. A ſolemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on* GREAT-BRITAIN. *A digreſſion on foreign ſummers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over; a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Sun-ſet. Evening. The whole concluding with the praiſe of Philoſophy.*

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SUMMER.

FROM yonder fields of æther fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun! illuſtrious *Summer* comes
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth.
He comes, attended by the ſultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*
Averts, her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;

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And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream that by the roots of oak
Rowls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling *year*.

Come, *Inſpiration*! from thy hermit ſeat
By mortal ſeldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious muſe, and raptur'd eye
Shot on ſurrounding heaven, to ſteal one look,
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.

And thou, the muſe's honour! and her friend!
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtiz'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal,
For *Britain*'s glory, Liberty, and Man;
O *Dodington*! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy beſt applauſe.

With

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With what a perfect world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unweildy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the buſy race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Unreſting, changeleſs, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To night and day, with the delightful round
Of *Seaſons*, faithful; not excentric once;
So pois'd, and perfect is the vaſt machine.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews!
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er æther ſhoots the trembling glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With tardy ſtep,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top

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Swell on the eye, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue thro' the dusk the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps aukward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Musick awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsly luxurious, will not man awake,
And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song.
And is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feaverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain,

Longer

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Longer than nature craves; when every Muſe,
And every blooming Pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildy-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoycing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim
Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aſſant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, red Sun,
In whoſe wide circle worlds of radiance lie
Exhauſtleſs Brightneſs, may I ſing of thee!

Who would the bleſſings, firſt and laſt, recount,
That in a full effuſion from thee flow,
As ſoon might number, at the height of noon,

The

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The rays that radiate from thy cloudleſs ſphere,
An univerſal glory darting round.

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of ſlow-pac'd *Saturn* to the ſcarce-ſeen disk
Of *Mercury*, loſt in exceſſive blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe vital and effectual glance,
They wou'd be brute, uncomfortable maſs,
And not as now the green abodes of life;
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling gladneſs; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, to that day-living race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of *Seaſons!* from whoſe rich-ſtain'd rays,
Reflected various, various colours riſe:
The freſhening mantle of the youthful year;
The wild embroidery of the watry vale;
With all that chears the ſenſe, and charms the heart.

The

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The branching grove thy lusty product stands,
Diffus'd, and deep; to quench the summer noon,
And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,
When on his russet fields you look direct.

Fruit is thy bounty too, with juice replete,
Acid, or mild; and from thy ray receives
A flavour, pleasing to the taste of man.
By thee concocted blushes; and, by thee
Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap
Of *Industry* the mellow plenty falls.

Extensive harvests wave at thy command;
And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,
Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy power; whose every blast,
O'ercast with tempest, or severely sharp
With breathing frost, is eloquent of thee,
And makes us languish for thy vernal gleams.
Shot to the bowels of the teeming earth,
The repining oar confesses all thy power.
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence waving War

Flames

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Flames on the day; hence buſy Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain;
And hence the ſculptur'd palace, ſumptuous, ſhines
With glittering ſilver, and refulgent gold.

Th' unfruitful rock itſelf impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement, forms the lucid ſtone;
Collected light, compact; that poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the boſoms of the fair.

At thee the ruby lights his deepning glow,
A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view.
From thee the ſaphire, ſolid æther, takes
His hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

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The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brisker measures, the reluctent stream
Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,
A glance extensive as the day. But these,
And all the much transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far, great delegated source,
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:

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But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel,
Wide from their ſpheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering tongue of man,
Almighty Poet! ſilent in thy praiſe;
Thy matchleſs works in each exalted line,
And all the full harmonic univerſe,
Would vocal, or expreſſive, thee atteſt,
The cauſe, the glory, and the end of all!

To me be nature's volume wide diſplay'd;
And to peruſe the broad illumin'd page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
Penſive I muſe, or with the riſing day
On fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.

Fierce-flaming up the heavens, the piercing ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning-miſts, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till all unveil'd

The

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The face of nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.

Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
And tyrant heat, diſpreading thro' the sky,
By ſharp degrees, his burning influence rains
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before th' unbaiting beam? ſo fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the follower of the ſun, they ſay,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Weeping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks

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(That the calm village, in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, lies,
Outstretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; 'till, waken'd by the wasp,
They bootless snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,
Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey,
Black, azure, brown; more than th' assisted eye
Of poring virtuoso can discern.

Tee

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Ten thouſand forms! Ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the ſpringing Trout,
Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade
Delight to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb; but careful ſtill
To ſhun the mazes of the ſounding bee,
As o'er the blooms he ſweeps. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling ſtream
Are pierc'd to death; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.

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Within an inch the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front.
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs,
Strides backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And ſhriller ſound declare extream diſtreſs,
And ask the helping, hoſpitable hand.

Echoes the living ſurface of the ground;
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.

Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if ought was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe; of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of his mind?
Thus on the concave of a ſounding dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!

Wanders

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Wanders a critic fly; his feeble ray
Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold
He dares diſlike the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From *infinite Perfection* to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
Recoiling giddy thought: or with ſharp glance,
Such as remotely-wafting ſpirits uſe,
Beheld the glories of the little world?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that *Power*,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

Thick, in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering kingdoms ſport; with tempeſt-wing,
Till *Winter* ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs

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An idle ſummer-life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! in ſoft-circling robes,
Which the hard hand of *Induſtry* has wrought,
The human inſects glow; by *Hunger* fed,
And cheer'd by toiling *Thirſt*, they rowl about
From toy to trifle, vanity to vice;
Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful, and ſtrong; full as the ſummer-roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the blooming maid,
Half-naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the ſoft oppreſſion roll,
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread the tawny Harveſt to the ſun,
That caſts refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

Riſes

Riſes the ruſſet hay-cock thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.

'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the ſun
Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye
Can pierce, a dazling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Down to the duſty earth the ſight, o'erpower'd,
Stoops for relief; but thence aſcending ſtreams,
And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart
Are the refreſhleſs fields; their arid hue
Adds a new fever to the ſickening ſoul:
And o'er their ſlippery ſurface wary treads
The foot of thirſty pilgrim, often dipt
In a croſs rill, preſenting to his wiſh
A living draught: he feels before he drinks!
Echo no more returns the ſandy ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe; the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping graſs hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful nature pants.

The

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The defart reddens; and the ſtubborn rock,
Split to the center, ſweats at every pore.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl
Into the ſhelter of the crackling grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on thy throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo hard! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Who can endure! the too reſplendent ſcene
Already darkens on the dizzy ſight,
And double objects dance; unreal ſounds
Sing deep around; a weight of ſultry dew
Hangs deathful on the limbs; ſhiver the nerves;
The ſupple ſinews ſink; and on the heart,
Miſgiving, horror lays his heavy hand.
Thrice happy he! that on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,

And

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And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfy'd, and ſick, toſſes in noon.
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene, and pure,
And all his paſſions aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cold thro' the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded eye,
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' every lighten'd limb.

All in th' adjoining brook, that ſhrills along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now

Gently

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Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides,
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his script, with wholesome viands fill'd;
And there his sceptre-crook, and watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry hornets fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft

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Oft in this ſeaſon too the horſe provok'd,
While his big ſinews, full of ſpirits, ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſteady eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt, largeſt growth;
That, high embowering in the middle air,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful, ſilent gloom around.

Theſe are the haunts of meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient Bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On heavenly errands bent: to ſave the fall

Of

Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd ſoul,
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
His muſe to better themes; to ſooth the pangs
Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's breaſt,
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch Offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook ſudden from the boſom of the sky,
A thouſand ſhapes, or glide athwart the dusk,
Or ſtalk majeſtick on. Arous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, and ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
Thoſe accents murmur'd in th' abſtracted ear,
Pronounce diſtinct. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man, thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the ſame *Parent-Power* our beings drew,
"The ſame our *Lord*, and laws, and great purſuit.
"Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life,
"Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain

"This

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" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear us not; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Oft in theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy folly, and diſcordant vice,
" Of nature ſing with us, and nature's *God*.
" And frequent at the middle waſte of night,
" Or all day long, in deſarts ſtill, are heard,
" Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid sky,
" Around, or underneath, aerial ſounds,
" Sent from angelic harps, and voices join'd.
" A happineſs beſtow'd by us, alone,
" On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."

Thus up the Mount, in viſionary muſe,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; 'till the ſtun
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking back,
I ſtand aghaſt, and view the broken ſcene.

Smooth to the ſhaggy brink a ſpreading flood
Rolls fair and placid; till collected all,

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In one big glut, as ſinks the ſhelving ground,
Th' impetuous torrent, tumbling down the ſteep,
Thunders and ſhakes th' aſtoniſh'd country round.
Now a blue watry ſheet; anon diſpers'd,
A hoary miſt; then gather'd in again,
A darted ſtream aſlant the hollow rock,
This way, and that tormented; daſhing thick,
From ſteep to ſteep, with wild, infracted courſe,
And reſtleſs roaring to the humble vale.

With the rough proſpect tir'd, I turn my gaze,
Where, in long viſta, the ſoft-murmuring main
Darts a green luſtre, trembling thro' the trees;
Or to yon ſilver-ſtreaming threads of light,
A ſhowery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.
Invited from the rock, to whoſe dark cliff
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the feathery race,
Smote with afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only thro' the foreſt cooes,

Mourn-

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Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow thro' the grove.

Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There on that rock by *Nature*'s chiſſel carv'd,
An ample chair, moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage ſhaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted ſweet
Of honey-ſuckle loads his little thigh.

And what a various proſpect lies around!
Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And towns betwixt, and gilded ſtreams; till all
The ſtretching landskip into ſmoak decays.

Happy *Britannia!* where the Queen of arts,
Inſpiring vigour, *Liberty* abroad
Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.

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Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy ſkies;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the ſummer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat, numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves,
Beneath, thy meadows flame, and riſe unquell'd,
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand,
Thy villa's ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And *Property* aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his certain toil.

Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade, and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: even *Drudgery* himſelf
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurry'd ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.

Bold,

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Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt,
Or in the liſted plain, or wintry ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering thunder when provok'd;
The dread of Tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of ſuch as under grim oppreſſion groan.

Thy Sons of glory many! thine a *More*,
As *Cato* firm, as *Ariſtides* juſt,
Like rigid *Cincinnatus* nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul, erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a *Walſingham* is thine;
A *Drake*, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high; but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the *maiden* reign?
In *Raleigh* mark their every glory mix'd,

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Raleigh, the ſcourge of *Spain!* whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe,
Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted ſaw,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
A *Hambden* thine, of unſubmitting ſoul;
Who ſtemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To ſlavery prone; and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of *Freedom* fierce.
Nor can the muſe the gallant *Sidney* paſs,
The plume of war! with every laurel crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
Nor him of later name, firm to the cauſe
Of *Liberty*, her rough determin'd friend,
The *Britiſh Brutus*; whoſe united blood
With *Ruſſel*, thine, thou patriot wiſe, and calm,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious ſloth. High thy renown

In

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In *Sages* too, far as the ſacred light
Of ſcience ſpreads, and wakes the muſe's ſong.
Thine is a *Bacon* form'd of happy mold,
When *Nature* ſmil'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the *Stagyrite*, and *Tully* join'd.
The generous * *Aſhley* thine, the friend of man;
Who ſcann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral Beauty* charm the heart.
What need I name thy *Boyle*, whoſe pious ſearch
Still ſought the great *Creator* in his works,
By ſure experience led? And why thy *Locke*,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let comprehenſive *Newton* ſpeak thy fame,
In all philoſophy. For ſolemn ſong,
Is not wild *Shakeſpear* nature's boaſt, and thine?
And every greatly amiable muſe
Of elder ages in thy *Milton* met?
His was the treaſure of two thouſand years,

* *Anthony Aſhley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

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Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
Unlimited, and various, as his *Theme*;
Aſtoniſhing as *Chaos*; as the bloom
Of blowing *Eden* fair; ſoft as the talk
Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* ſublime.

May my ſong ſoften as, thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of *Harmony*; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud, moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when, dreſt in love,
She ſits high ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,

At

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At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhore
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thy ſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O Thou! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving *Virtues* round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; found *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chaſtity*,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
While, copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
Who caſts o'er all an equal, wide ſurvey,
And ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome brave deſign,

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Thus far tranſported by my country's love,
Nobly digreſſive from my theme, I've aim'd
To ſing her praiſes in ambitious verſe;
While, ſlightly to recount, I ſimply meant,
The various ſummer-horrors, which infeſt
Kingdoms that ſcorch below ſeverer ſuns;

Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day
Oppreſſive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs; or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Wan jealouſy, red rage, and fell revenge,
Their haſty ſpirits prompts. Ill-fated race!
Altho' the treaſures of the ſun be theirs,
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines;
Whence, over ſands of gold, the *Niger* rolls
His amber wave; while on his balmy banks
Or in the ſpicy *Abyſſinian* vales,
The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink
Intolerable day, yet in their coats
A cooling juice contain. Peaceful beneath,
Leans the huge elephant; and in his ſhade
A multitude of beauteous creatures play,
And birds of bolder note rejoice around.

And

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And oft amid their aromatic groves,
Touch'd by the torch of noon, the gummy bark,
Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath.
Inſtant, ſo ſwift the ruddy ruin ſpreads,
A cloud of incenſe ſhadows all the land;
And, o'er a thouſand thundering trees at once,
Riots with lawleſs rage the running blaze:
But chiefly ſhould fomenting winds aſſiſt,
And doubling blend the circulating waves
Of flame tempeſtuous; or directly on,
Far-ſtreaming, drive them thro' the foreſt's length.

But other views await; where heaven above
Glows like an arch of braſs; and all below,
The brown-burnt earth amaſs of iron lies;
Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure ſpoilt;
Barren, and bare, a joyleſs, weary waſte;
Thin-cottag'd; and in time of trying need,
Abandon'd by the vaniſh'd brook; like one
Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

Such are thy horrid deſarts, *Barca*; ſuch,
Zaara, thy hot inhoſpitable ſands;

Conti-

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Continuous rifing often with the blaſt,
Till the ſun ſees no more; and unknit earth,
Shook by the ſouth into the darken'd air,
Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waſte.

Hence late expos'd (if diſtant fame ſays true)
A ſmother'd city from the ſandy wave
Emergent roſe; with olive-fields around,
Freſh woods, reclining herds, and ſilent flocks,
Amuſing all, and incorrupted ſeen.
For by the nitrous penetrating ſalts,
Mix'd copious with the ſand, pierc'd, and preſerv'd,
Each object hardens gradual into ſtone,
Its poſture fixes, and its colour keeps.
The ſtatue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd
The ſtreets, in various attitudes ſurpriz'd
By ſudden fate, and live on every face
The paſſions caught, beyond the ſculptor's art.
Here leaning ſoft, the marble-lovers ſtand,
Delighted even in death; and each for each
Feeling alone, with that expreſſive look,
Which perfect *Nature* only knows to give.
And there the father agonizing bends

Fond

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Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train
Aghaſt, and trembling, tho' they know not why.
The ſtiffen'd vulgar ſtretch their arms to heaven,
With horror ſtaring; while in council deep
Aſſembled full, the hoary-headed ſires
Sit ſadly-thoughtful of the public fate.
As when old *Rome*, beneath the raging *Gaul*,
Sunk her proud turrets, reſolute on death,
Around the *Forum* ſat the grey divan
Of *Senators*, majeſtic, motionleſs,
With ivory-ſtaves, and in their awful robes
Dreſs'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
Amaz'd, and ſhivering, from the ſolemn fight
The red barbarians ſhrunk, and deem'd them *Gods*.

'Tis here that *Thirſt* has fix'd his dry domain;
And walks his wide, malignant round, in ſearch
Of pilgrim loſt; or on the * *Merchant*'s tomb

Trium-

* *In the deſart of* Araoan *are two tombs with inſcriptions on them, importing that the perſons there interr'd were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who both*

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Triumphant ſits, who for a ſingle cruiſe
Of unavailing water paid ſo dear:
Nor could the gold his hard aſſociate ſave.

Here the green ſerpent gathers up his train,
In orbs immenſe; then darting out anew,
Progreſſive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake;
And, lolling frightful, guards the ſcanty fount,
If fount there be: or of diminiſh'd ſize,
But mighty miſchief, on th' unguarded ſwain
Steals, full of rancour. Here the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of blood,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The rabid tyger then,
The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard,
(Beſpeckled fair, the beauty of the waſte)
In dire divan, ſurround their *ſhaggy King*,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the burning ſand,
With planted ſtep; while an obſequious crowd
Of grinning forms at humble diſtance wait.

These

---

both died of thirſt; and that the former had given to the latter ten thouſand ducats for one cruiſe of water.

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Theſe all together join'd from darkſome caves,
Where o'er gnaw'd bones they ſlumber'd out the day,
By ſupreme hunger ſmit, and thirſt intenſe,
At once their mingling voices raiſe to *Heaven*;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demanding food, the wilderneſs reſounds
From *Atlas* eaſtward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Ceaſeleſs he ſits,
Sad on the jutting eminence, and views
The rolling main, that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcover'd, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night.

Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd from ſtooping *Rome*,

And

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And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* wilds:
Disdainful of *Campania*'s fertile plains,
And all the green delights of *Italy*;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, *Plague*,
The fiercest son of *Nemesis divine*,
Collects a close, incumbent night of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture, by the sun suffus'd,
Of angry aspect? Princely *Wisdom* then
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls
The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy;
And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad,
And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,
And birds of bloody beak. The sullen door
No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted friends,

And

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And relatives endear'd for many a year,
Savag'd by woe, forget the ſocial tye,
The cloſe engagement of the kindred heart;
And, ſick in ſolitude, ſucceſſive die,
Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat
The ſcene of deſolation, wide around,
Denying all retreat, the grim guards ſtand,
And give the flying Wretch a better death.

Much of the force of foreign *Summers* ſtill,
Of growling hills that ſhoot the pillar'd flame,
Of earthquake, and pale-famine, could I ſing;
But equal ſcenes of horror call me home.

For, now, ſlow-ſettling, o'er the lurid grove,
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The broad poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, vitriol, on the day
Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,
Extenſive o'er the world a reddening gloom!
In dreadful promptitude to ſpring, await
The high command. Aboding ſilence reigns

Dread

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Dread thro' the dun expanſe, ſave the dull ſound,
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rowls o'er the trembling earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſtirs the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, the aerial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcouling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis dumb amaze, and liſtening terror all;
When to the quicker eye the livid glance
Appears far ſouth, emiſſive thro' the cloud;
And, by the powerful breath of *God* inflate,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice;
At firſt low-muttering; but at each approach,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of various flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts
And opens wider, ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd, aggravated roar,

Enlarging,

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Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down comes a Deluge of ſonorous hail,
In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd;
And often fatal to the unſhelter'd head
Of man, or rougher beaſt. Wide-rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its rage unquench'd,
Th' inconquerable lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls.
And ſtrikes the ſhepherd, as he ſhuddering ſits,
Preſaging ruin, mid the rocky cliſt.
His inmoſt marrow feels the gliding flame;
He dies; and, like a ſtatue grim'd with age,
His live dejected poſture ſtill remains;
His ruſſet ſing'd, and rent his hanging hat;
Againſt his crook his ſooty cheek reclin'd;
While, whining at his feet, his half-ſtun'd dog,
Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
On his inſenſate maſter for relief.

Black from the ſtroak, above, the mountain-pine,
A leaning ſhatter'd trunk, ſtands ſcath'd to heaven,
The talk of future ages; and, below,

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A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look,
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill,
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. A little further, burns
The guiltleſs cottage; and the haughty dome
Stoops to the baſe. In one immediate flaſh,
The foreſt falls; or, flaming out, diſplays
The ſavage-haunts, unpierc'd by day before.
Scar'd is the mountain's brow; and from the cliff
Tumbles the ſmitten rock. The deſart ſhakes,
And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepeſt dens.

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head
Falls the devoted flaſh. Young *Celadon*
And his *Amelia* were a matchleſs twain;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd. But ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart

Of

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Of *Innocence*, and undiſſembling *Truth*.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
The enchanting hope, and ſympathetick glow,
Struck from the charmful eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

Thus paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till in evil hour
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far. Her breaſt preſageful heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In heaven repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,

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" Fair innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
" And inward ſtorm! *He*, who yon ſkies involves
" In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee,
" With full regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
" That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
" Of noon, flies hurtleſs; and that very voice,
" Which thunders terror thro' the conſcious heart,
" With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
" 'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
" To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Myſterious heaven!) that moment, in a heap
Of pallid aſhes fell the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Struck by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance, on the marble-tomb,
The well-diſſembl'd mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable blue,
Delightful ſwells into the general arch,
That copes the nations. Nature from the ſtorm
Shines out afreſh; and thro' the lighten'd air

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A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the level ray,
Inveſts the fields, yet dropping from diſtreſs.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and expands the sky,
After the tempeſt puff his idle vows,
And a new dance of vanity begin,
Scarce ere the pant forſake the feeble heart?

Chear'd by the ſetting beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the Blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

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His ebon treſſes, and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and thro' the flexile wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path;
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.

'Twas then beneath a ſecret-waving ſhade,
Where winded into lovely ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, that *Damon* ſat,
Thoughtful, and fix'd in philoſophic muſe:
Damon, who ſtill amid the ſavage woods,
And lonely lawns the force of beauty ſcorn'd,
Firm, and to falſe philoſophy devote.
The brook ran babbling by; and ſighing weak,
The breeze among the bending willows play'd:
When *Sacchariſſa* to the cool retreat,
With *Amoret*, and *Muſidora* ſtole.
Warm in their cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, robb'd in looſe array, they came to bathe
Their fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
Tall, and majeſtic, *Sacchariſſa* roſe,
Superior treading, as on *Ida*'s top

(So

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(So *grecian* bards in wanton fable ſung)
High-ſhone the ſiſter and the wife of *Jove*.
Another *Pallas Muſidora* ſeem'd,
Meek-ey'd, ſedate, and gaining every look
A ſurer conqueſt of the ſliding heart.
While, like the *Cyprian* goddeſs, *Amoret*,
Delicious dreſs'd in roſy-dimpled ſmiles,
And all one ſoftneſs, melted on the ſenſe.
Nor *Paris* panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, *Damon*, thou; the ſtoick now no more,
But man deep-felt, as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk they drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin-zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
Luxuriant roſe. Yet more enamour'd ſtill,
When from their naked limbs of glowing white,
In folds looſe-floating felt the fainter lawn;
And fair expos'd they ſtood, ſhrunk from themſelves;
With fancy bluſhing; at the doubtful breeze
Arouz'd, and ſtarting, like the fearful fawn,

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* So ſtands the ſtatue that enchants the world,
Her full proportions ſuch, and baſhful ſo
Bends ineffectual from the roving eye.
Then to the flood they ruſh'd; the plunging fair
The parted flood with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And, every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing afreſh, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lilly thro' the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning-dew
Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
But ill conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks
That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil,
Riſing again; the latent *Damon* drew
Such draughts of love and beauty to the ſoul,
As put his harſh philoſophy to flight,
The joyleſs ſearch of long-deluded years;
And *Muſidora* fixing in his heart,
Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer-heats;

* *The* Venus *of* Medicis.

Nor

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Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink,
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſterous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame *Roman* arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret, ſympathetic aid.

Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The riſing clouds,
That ſhift perpetual in his vivid train,
Their watry mirrors, numberleſs, oppos'd,
Unfold the hidden riches of his ray;
And chaſe a change of colours, round the sky.
'Tis all one bluſh from eaſt to weſt! and now,
Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one faint glimmer, and then diſappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, tedious, void;

As

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As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying all th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, a chearleſs blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch:
Who, rowling in inhuman pleaſure deep,
The whole day long has made the widow pine;
And ſnatch'd the morſel from her orphan's mouth,
To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,
Who makes the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſadening, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air?
A thouſand *Shadows* at her beck. Firſt *This*
She ſends on earth; then *That* of deeper die,
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *Deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher breeze
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream

Sweeping

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Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The Beauty, whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Loves fond, by the ſincereſt language ſhown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungenteel fortune urg'd
Againſt himſelf to lift the hated hand
Of violence; by men caſt out from life,
And after death, to which they drove his hope,
Into the broad way ſide. The ruin'd tower
Is is alſo ſhun'd; whoſe hoary chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck fancy dreams, the yielding ghoſt.

Among

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Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his lamp; and, thro' the dark,
Twinkles a moving gem. On *Evening*'s heel,
Night follows fast; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy ſtygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye.
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Doubtful if ſeen: whence ſudden *Viſion* turns
To heaven; where *Venus*, in the ſtarry front,
Shines eminent; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens, till it ſprings afreſh,
Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,
And every form of vegetation kind.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With glad peruſe, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
A-croſs the sky; or horizontal dart
O'er half the nations, in a minute's ſpace,
Conglob'd, or long. Aſtoniſhment ſucceeds,
And ſilence, ere the various talk begin.

The

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The vulgar ſtare; amazement is their joy,
And myſtic faith, a fond ſequacious herd!
But ſcrutinous *Philoſophy* looks deep,
With piercing eye, into the latent cauſe;
Nor can ſhe ſwallow what ſhe does not ſee.
With thee, ſerene *Philoſophy*! with thee,
And thy high praiſes, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than Summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of cœleſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſoaring ſpurns, with elevated pride,
The tangling maſs of cares, and low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To reaſon's, and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing from the vaſt inane,
The chain of cauſes and effects to *Him*,
Who, all-ſuſtaining, in himſelf, alone

Poſ-

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Poſſeſſes *Being*; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
A world ſwift-painted on th' attentive mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence *Poetry* exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind,
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unaſſiſted man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhion'd furr
Rough-clad: devoid of every honeſt art,
And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy
Domeſtick, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor law were his; nor property; nor ſwain,
To turn the furrow; nor mechanic hand,
Harden'd to toil; nor ſailor bold; nor trade,
Mother ſevere of infinite delights?
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,

And

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And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe. But taught by thee
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crouds
Ply the tough oar, *Philoſophy* directs,
Star-led, the helm; or like the liberal breath
Of urgent heaven, inviſible, the ſails
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of *the ſole Being* right, who ſpoke the word,
And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her virtual glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift.
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins

The

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The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills *Eternal Providence*, ſits deep.
Enough for us we know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of *God*;
By *Love* and *Wiſdom* inexpreſſive form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

THE END.

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AUTUMN.

A

POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakeſpear's* Head, GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible*, And, WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Bookſellers in *Dame's-ſtreet*, M DCC XX-X.

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AUTUMN.

Inſcrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHR. ONSLOW, Eſq;

Speaker of the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propos'd. Addreſs to Mr. ONSLOW. *A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reaping. A tale. A harveſt ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of* AUTUMN: *whence a digreſſion, enquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern Iſles of* SCOTLAND. *Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſunſhine day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyrick on a philoſophical country life.*

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AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the ſickle, and the wheaten ſheaf,
While *Autumn*, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the doric reed once more,
Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the *wintry* froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd *Spring*
Put in white promiſe forth; and *Summer-Suns*
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.

Onſlow! the muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,

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Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
A While engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot-virtues that diſtend thy Thought,
Spread on thy Front, and in thy conduct glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A rowl of periods, ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue, ſhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her Country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal ſcales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting *Summer*, a ſerener blue,
With golden light irradiate, wide inveſts
The happy World. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below,
Unbounded harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;

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A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Convolv'd, and toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings *Induſtry*! rough Power!
Whom Labour ſtill attends, and Sweat, and Pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life;
Raiſer of human kind! by *Nature* caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods,
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various powers of deep efficiency
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand

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Of *Bounty* ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year.
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acron-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar: a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the red north,
With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt.
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till *Induſtry* approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh *Nature* the directing hand
Of *Art* demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,

On

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On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall antient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his Limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining Soul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopt at barren, bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on,
By hardy patience, and experience ſlow,
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory in his view,
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural pow'rs combin'd,
And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;
For this deviſ'd the holy guardian laws,

Di-

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Distinguish'd orders, animated Arts,
And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rose;
And stretching street on street by thousands led,
From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky groupe
Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,
Restless design, and execution strong.
In every street the sounding hammer ply'd
His massy task; while the corrosive file,
In flying touches, form'd the fine machine,

Then

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Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
The busy Merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and on thee, thou *Thames*,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long winty forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; bellying the sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the *British* thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
His ample roof; and *Luxury* within
Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant to the view
Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe,

And

And soften into flesh beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd,

All is the gift of *Industry*; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive *Winter* cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy *Spring*.
Without him *Summer* were an arid waste;
Nor to th' *autumnal* months could thus transmit
These full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While, bandied round and round, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly hearty to deceive the tedious time,

And

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And chearly steal the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narow, husband-men! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the *God* of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the souls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and *Heaven*,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage lost far up
Amid the windings of a woody vale;

Safe

Safe from the cruel blasting arts of man,
Almost on *Nature*'s common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground deject, and darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the stories that her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune flatter'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse among the Woods; if city-dames
Will deign their faith. 'And thus she went compell'd
By strong necessity, with as serene,
And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,
To glean *Palamon*'s fields. The pride of swains

Pala-

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Palemon was, the generous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
Transmits from ancient, incorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
And free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chast desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, and harmonious shap'd,
Where sense sincere, and goodness seem'd to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace

Of

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Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
Of old *Acasto*'s line; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live;
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantick wish, would this the daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
The bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,

As

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As thus *Palemon*, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

And art thou then *Acaſto's* dear remains?
She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
So long in vain? Oh yes! the very ſame,
The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive, his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than ſpring!
Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root,
That nouriſh'd up my fortune, ſay, ah where,
In what unſmiling deſart, haſt thou drawn
The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
Into ſuch beauty ſpread? and blown ſo white?
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.
O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
The Father of a country, thus to pick

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The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.
Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged task;
With harveſt ſhining all theſe fields are thine;
And, if my wiſhes may preſume ſo far,
Their maſter too, who then indeed were bleſt,
To make the daughter of *Acaſto* ſo.

Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely Moments for *Lavinia*'s fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in mutual bliſs, and rear'd

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A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aereal tempeſt fuller ſwells;
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,
Tho' plyant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends

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In one continuous flood. Still over head
The glomerating tempeſt glows, and ſtill
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe weighty ruſh,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the husbandman,
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance, and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs, in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,

Which

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Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.

Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muſe to ſing the *rural game*.
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Out-ſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, watchful and every way
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn'd the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their uſeleſs wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them elſe diſperſt,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

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These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such;
Then most delighted, when she smiling sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her;
This falsely chearful, barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had roam'd the dark;
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate rage
Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste,
For sport alone takes up the cruel tract,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare!
Shook from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furz,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd, ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill Horn,
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.

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The Stag too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt in ſpeed,
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, fear-arous'd,
Gives all his ſwift, aereal ſoul to flight.
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind.
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the tract
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him comes again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He went to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides;
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With quick conſent, avoid th' infectious maze.
What ſhall he do? his once ſo vivid nerves,

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So full of buoyant ſoul, inſpire no more
The fainting courſe; but wrenching, breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the ſilvan youth
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lyon, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, for murder is his trade:
And, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins near deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

Theſe *Britain* k[illegible]ws not; give, ye *Britons*, then
Your ſportive fury, [illegible]tyleſs, to pour

Looſe

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Looſe on the ſly deſtroyer of the flock.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Thro' the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echo toſt;
Then ſnatch the mountains by their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
At once tore, mercileſs. Thrice happy he!
At hour of duſk, while the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,

De-

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Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils;
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.

But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoaking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; on which, with fell intent,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of *England*'s glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating how it ran, and how it fell.
Then ſated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, reviving as the breath
Of *Maia*, to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn

Mar-

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Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, nor aſham'd
To vie it with the vineyard's beſt produce.
Perhaps a while, amuſive, thoughtful Whisk
Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of ſmoak,
Wreath'd, fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.

At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent, and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion fly,
Nor ſober ſhift is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd askew; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferate at once by twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church, or miſtreſs, politicks, or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplext.

Mean

Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th'impatient catch burſt from the joyous heart.
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe goes round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn;
So their mirth gradual ſinks. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then, ſliding ſweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above
Lies the wet, broken ſcene; and ſtretch'd below,
Each way, the drunken ſlaughter; where aſtride
The lubber Power himſelf triumphant ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them, ſilent all, in ſleep till morn.

But if the rougher ſex by this red ſport
Are hurry'd wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the *Britiſh Fair*.

Far

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Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming skill,
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed,
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
Made up of bluſhes, tenderneſs, and fears,
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink,
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their Eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' loves enchanting wiles purſu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And faſhion'd all to harmony, alone,
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from the radiant lip;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,

To

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To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To play the pencil, turn th' inſtructive page;
To give new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every kinder, care-cluſive art,
To raiſe the glory, animate the joys,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praiſe.

Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildy-winding-brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins, come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſter'd nut for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
Or, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,

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A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of *Melinda*'s hair:
Melinda form'd with every grace compleat,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy, joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of *Autumn*, unconfin'd; and vital taste
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
In species different, but in kind the same,
By *Nature*'s still-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
So fares it with those wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The

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The piercing cyder for the thrifty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, facetious bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With *British* freedom sing the *British* song;
How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his last, best beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks
Of, *Dodington*! thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,
In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood;
Here rich with harvest; and there white with flocks.
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the muses seat;

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Where in the ſecret bow'r, and winding walk.
They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone,
Fir'd by the thirſt of thy applauſe, I court
Th' inſpiring breeze; and meditate the book
Of *Nature*, ever open; aiming thence,
Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral ſong.
And, as I ſteal along, the ſunny wall,
Where *Autumn* basks, with Fruit empurpled deep,
My theme ſtill urges in my vagrant thought;
Preſents the downy peach; the purple plumb,
With a fine bluiſh miſt of animals
Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, ſwelling to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.

Turn we a moment *Fancy*'s rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun elated high,
The vineyard heaves refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heighten'd blaze.

Low

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Low bend the gravid boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy
The Claret ſmooth, deep as the lip we preſs;
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign.

Now by the cool, declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides;

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And deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays
The rocky, long diviſion; while aloft,
His piny top is, leſſening, loſt in air:
No more his thouſand proſpects fill the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe,
Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerſt;
The huge dusk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain.
Vaniſh the woods. The dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to rowl the miſty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte,
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd cloſe around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive floating, Sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,
A formleſs, grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the *hebrew* bard)
Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd

Its

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Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His endleſs train forth from the dubious gloom.

Theſe roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoak along the hilly country, theſe,
With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature ſay,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe grand reſerves
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing ſtores the rivers draw.
But is this equal to the vaſt effect?
Is thus the *Volga* fill'd? the rapid *Rhine*?
The broad *Euphrates*? all the unnumber'd floods,
That large refreſh the fair-divided earth;
And, in the rage of ſummer, never ceaſe
To ſend a thundering torrent to the main?

What tho' the ſun draws from the ſteaming deep
More than the rivers pour? How much again,
O'er the vext ſurge, in bitter-driving ſhowers,
Frequent returns, let the wet ſailor ſay:
And on the thirſty down, far from the burſt
Of ſprings, how much, to their reviving fields,
And feeding flocks, let lonely ſhepherds ſing.

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But ſure 'tis no weak, variable cauſe,
That keeps at once ten thouſand thouſand floods,
Wide-wandering o'er the world, ſo freſh, and clear,
For ever flowing, and for ever full.
And thus ſome ſages, deep-exploring, teach;
That, where the hoarſe, innumerable wave,
Eternal, laſhes the reſounding ſhore;
Suck'd thro' the ſandy *Stratum*, every way,
The waters with the ſandy *Stratum* riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They leave each ſaline particle behind,
And clear, and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Tho' here and there in lowly plains it ſprings,
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. The vital ſtream
Hence, in its ſubterranean paſſage, gains,
From the waſh'd mineral, that reſtoring power,
And ſalutary virtue, which anew
Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling ſoul
Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye;

And

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And whence, the royal maid, *Amelia* blooms
With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to bless,
Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,
In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,
The *Carolina* of another land.

While *Autumn* scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss't wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,
E're to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where the cavern sweats, as sages dream,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong,
Unconquerable hand of *Liberty*,

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The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, e're they take
Their plumy voyage thro' the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight aſcends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt *Thule*, and the *Atlantic* ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy *Hebrides*;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? What nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And white reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain, harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-

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Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious foood;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the muſe,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees *Caledonia* in romantick view:
Her airy mountains, from the gelid main,
Inveſted with a keen, diffuſive sky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; the foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by *Nature*'s hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, tranſlucent, brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely, from the *Tweed*, pure parent-ſtream,
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er *Orca*, or *Betubium*'s higheſt peak.
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her weſtern flight. A generous race
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe, and brave,
Who ſtill thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
To hold a bapleſs, undiminiſh'd ſtate;

Too

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Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd;
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul!
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
How all enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,

Un-

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Unchalleng'd, round the ſea-incircled globe;
And thus united *Britain Britain* make
Intire, th' imperial *Miſtreſs* of the deep.

Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots, and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye:
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her politeſt turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on *Tenier*'s dreadful field,
While thick around the deadly tempeſt flew.
And when the trumpet, kindling war no more,
Pours not the flaming ſquadrons o'er the field;
But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,
Kind peace unites the jarring world again;
Let the deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate:
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.

Thee,

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Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she felt the friend like thee,

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan, declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the *Season* in its latest view.

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their uvid pores his temper'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,

And

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And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſooth the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And woo lone *Quiet* in her ſilent walks.

Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe.
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſoul, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull, deſpondent flock!
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſick of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miſerable prey!
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The

The pale, deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove,
Oft ſtarting ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy ruin ſtreams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Even what remain'd
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of *philoſophic Melancholy* comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a ſecret pang, declare.

O'er

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O'er all his ſoul his ſacred influence breaths;
In all the boſom triumphs, all the nerves;
Inflames imagination; thro' the ſenſe
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream,
Croud faſt into the mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment.
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief
Of human kind; the large, ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth,
Loſt in obſcurity; th' indignant ſcorn
Of mighty pride; the fearleſs, great reſolve;
The wonder that the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' arouſing pant for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the ſocial offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vaſt, embowering ſhades!
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales!

To

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To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms!
Where angel-forms athwart the ſolemn dusk,
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize the enthuſiaſtic ear.

And now the weſtern ſun withdraws the day;
And humid evening, gilding o'er the sky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
Th' aſcending vapour throws. Where waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full orb'd, and breaking thro' the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted disk,
(Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And oceans roll, as optic tube deſcries)
A leſſer earth gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now thro' the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean ride ſublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats; and ſtreaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,

While

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While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, salt-blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or quite extinct, her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white:
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots, ensweeping first
The lower skies, then all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The *Pannic* runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rowls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.

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As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſide ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,
And, late at night, in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or painted hideous with aſcending flame;
Of ſallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſolid ſhade, immenſe. Sunk in the gloom
Magnificent, and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of Light, to kindle, and create the whole.

Drear

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Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs;
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now ſunk and now renew'd, he's quite abſorpt,
Rider and horſe into the miry gulph:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt *Autumnal* day.

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And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam,
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
Lies the ſtill heaving hive; at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And whelm'd o'er ſulphur: while, undreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending publick cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark, oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this ye roam'd the ſpring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning ſummer-heats away?
For this in *Autumn* ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gloam? for this ſad fate?
O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate nature groan beneath your rage,

Awaiting

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Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow? and in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
Hard by, the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous, and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre, or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd,
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue, ſulphureous flame.

Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high.
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd

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With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant *Winter* bid to do his worst.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,
Not needing the melodious impulse much,
Leaps wildly graceful, in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the struggle twists,
Age too shines out; and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,

Deep

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Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life*.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride, and gaze of fools! oppress him not,
What tho' from utmost land, and sea, purvey'd,
For him each rarer, tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death. What tho' his wine
Flows not from brightest gems; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;
Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle state.
What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all.
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs, and fruits; whatever greens the *Spring*,

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When heaven descends in show'rs; or bends the bough,
When *Summer* reddens, and when *Autumn* beams;
Or in the *Wintry* glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood; the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.

Let

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Let ſome far-diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,
By legal outrage, and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and That ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let Theſe
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
And ſlippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate,
While He, from all the ſtormy paſſions free,
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To *Nature*'s voice attends, from day to day,
And month to month, thro' the revolving *Year*;

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Admiring sees her in her every shape:
Feels all her fine emotions at his heart;
Takes what the liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He when young *Spring* protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He quite enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In *Summer* he, beneath the living shade,
Such as from frigid *Tempe* wont to fall,
Or *Hæmus* cool, reads what the muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoyces in the vigorous year.
When *Autumn*'s yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then the best exerts his song.
Even *Winter* wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,

Pour

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Pour every luſtre on th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land, and ſea, imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little, ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs, and true philoſophy
Still are, and have been of the ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primæval ages, incorrupt,
When *God* himſelf, and *Angels* dwelt with men!

Oh *Nature*! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,

World

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World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from *Thee*!

The End.

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WIN-

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WINTER.

SEE *Winter* comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and ſad, with all his riſing train,
Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe, that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs *Solitude* I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;

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Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep, fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the red evening-ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and ſmil'd.

To thee, the patron of her firſt eſſay,
The muſe, O *Wilmington!* renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving *Year:*
Skim'd the gay *Spring*; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the *Summer*-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er *Autumn* with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the *wintry* clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds;
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
For thee the graces ſmooth; thy ſofter thoughts
The Muſes tune; nor art thou ſkill'd alone
In awful ſchemes, the management of ſtates,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs; ſound integrity;

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A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted ſoul,
Amid a ſliding age; and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit, regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; and, the publick hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When *Scorpio* gives to *Capricorn* the ſway,
And fierce *Aquarius* fouls th' inverted year;
Retiring to the verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as at dull diſtance ſeen,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven

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Involve the face of things. Thus *Winter* falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses all the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with horrid views. The cattle droop
The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up

The

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The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſhold, feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock with all his female train,
Penſive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-ſwain
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along,
Reſiſtleſs, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far:
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again conſtrain'd,
Betwixt two meeting hills it burſts a way,

Where

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Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whoſe continual hand
Rolls round the ſeaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye ſubtil beings! ſay,
Where your aerial magazines reſerv'd,
Againſt the day of tempeſt perilous?
In what far-diſtant region of the sky,
Huſh'd in dead ſilence, ſleep you when 'tis calm?

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh about; the reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her ſully'd orb.
The Stars obtuſe emit a ſhivering ray;

Snatch'd

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Snatch'd in ſhort eddies plays the fluttering ſtraw;
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and, ſkreaming wild,
The circling ſea-fowl riſe; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountain, comes a voice,
That ſolemn-ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm, with mad controul,
And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air
O'erturns at once. Prone, on the paſſive main,
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from the bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves ariſe,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems, as it ſparkles, all around to burn.
Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds,
And in broad billows rowling gather'd ſeas,
Surge over ſurge, burſt in a general roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the Winds athwart the howling waſte
Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The full-blown *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath

Of

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Of all-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſand inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.
Nor raging here alone unrein'd at ſea,
To land the tempeſt bears; and o'er the cliff,
Where ſcreams the ſea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,
Fierce ſwallows up the long-reſounding ſhore.

The mountain growls; and all its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on its midnight ſide, and all aghaſt,
The dark, way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.

Then

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Then too, they say, tho' all the burthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death.

Huge *Uproar* lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels. Till nature's *King*, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight waste. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the medling senses all aside.

And now, ye lying Vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vex-

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Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

Father of light, and life! thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thy self!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. Sudden the fields
Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.

'Tis

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'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts,
Along the mazy ſtream. The leafleſs woods
Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild, dazzling waſte. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
That Providence allows. The Red-breaſt ſole,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering fellows, and to truſted man
His annual viſit pays. New to the dome
Againſt the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm Hearth, and hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the ſmiling *Family* eskance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet

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By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then ſad, diſpers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of ſnow.

Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
In one wide waſt, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; till upwards urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the ſky.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,

Of

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Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the white abrupt; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And ev'ry tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless boggs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen eye,
In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

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These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling rack, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death

And

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And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of chearleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe.
Even in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rackt with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
Like wailing penſive ghoſts awaiting theirs,
And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of anguiſh, and of fate,

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Vice in his high career wou'd ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And his wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

And here can I forget the generous few,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſought
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Miſery moans;
Where Sickneſs pines; where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the laſh of Vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet, and public meeting glows
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe;
Even robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by various nameleſs ways,

That

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That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
Hail patriot-band! who, ſcorning ſecret ſcorn,
When Juſtice, and when Mercy led the way,
Dragg'd the detected monſters into light,
Wrench'd from their hand Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bade the cruel feel the pains they gave.
Yet ſtop not here; let all the land rejoice,
And make the bleſſing unconfin'd, as great.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
Oh glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

Yet more outragious is the ſeaſon ſtill,
A deeper horror, in *Siberian* wilds;
Where winter keeps his unrejoicing court,
And in his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard.
There thro' the ragged woods abſorpt in ſnow,
Sole tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhaggy bear,

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With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd and ſowrer as the Storms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath the driſted ſnow;
And, ſcorning the complainings of diſtreſs,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.
While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waſte,
On ſleds reclin'd, the furry *Ruſſian* ſits;
And, by his rain-deer drawn, behind him throws
A ſhining kingdom in a winter's day.

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,
Kept with grey miſts, and everlaſting ſnows;
Where nature in ſtupendous ruin lies,
And from the leaning rock, on either ſide,
Guſh out thoſe ſtreams that claſſic long renowns:
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in torrent troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.

Rapacious

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Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lyon ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs, undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrowded body from the tomb; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of *Winter*, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore,
Beat by a boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary, ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To chaſe the cheerleſs gloom. There let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the mighty dead,
Sages of antient time, as Gods rever'd,
As Gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind

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With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes.—— Firſt *Socrates*,
Whoſe ſimple queſtion to the folded heart
Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought
Evolv'd the ſecret truth—— a god-like man!
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe. *Lycurgus* then,
Severely good; and him of rugged *Rome*,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons.
Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd, and *Ariſtides* juſt;
With that attemper'd* Hero, mild, and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme.
Scipio, the human warrior, gently brave;
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic ſhade,
With friendſhip, and philoſophy, retir'd.

* *Timoleon.*

And

Andequal to the beſt, the * *Theban* twain,
Who, ſingle rais'd their country into fame.
Thouſands behind, the boaſt of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?
But ſee who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis *Phœbus* ſelf, or elſe the *Mantuan* ſwain!
Great *Homer* too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and equal by his ſide,
The *Britiſh* muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe tuneful ſhades, I ween,
Taught by the Graces, whoſe inchanting touch
Shakes every paſſion from the various ſtring;
Nor thoſe, who ſolemnize the moral ſcene.

Firſt of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to deeds like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

* *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*.

See

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See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save *Lycidas* the friend, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the muſes' hill will *Pope* deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to make it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For tho' not ſweeter his own *Homer* ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.

Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd;
With them would ſearch, if this unbounded frame
Of nature roſe from unproductive night,
Or ſprung eternal from th' *eternal Cauſe*,
Its ſprings, its laws, its progreſs and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would gradual open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Thence would we plunge into the moral world;
Which, tho' more ſeemingly perplex'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all

In

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In universal good. Historic truth
Should next conduct thro' the deeps of time:
Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to gilde
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world,
And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes

Of

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Of frolic fancy; and inceſtant form
Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,
Yet rapid ſtill renew'd, and pour'd immenſe
Into the mind, unbounded without ſpace:
The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,
Burleſque, and odd, the riſible and gay;
Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,
Call laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.

Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.

Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round:
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſidelong maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep;
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The

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The city ſwarms intenſe. The publick haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune headlong ſink.
Riſes the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, thick as inſects in the ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the ſcene the ghoſt of *Hamlet* ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor *Monimia* mourns;
And *Belvidera* pours her ſoul in love.
Aſſenting terror ſhakes; the ſilent tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the *comic Muſe*
Holds to the world the picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.

Clear

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Clear froſt ſucceeds; and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In deſolation ſeen. The vacant glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Amazing, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.

What art thou, Froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading Power,

Whom

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Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the ſtill rage of *Winter* deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half-diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole detruded river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening-watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the many ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,

Shine,

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Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes nature faſt, it freezes on;
Till morn, late riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendant iſicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe;
The liquid kingdom all to ſolid turn'd;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.

On blitheſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of man is laid at reſt,

Fond

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Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view
The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake
And long canal the cerule plain extend,
The city pours her thousands, swarming all,
From every quarter: and, with him who slides;
Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,
In circling poise; or else disorder'd falls,
His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,
While the laugh rages round; from end to end,
Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,
Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,
Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

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And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed, or the feather'd game.

But what is this? theſe infant tempeſts what?
The mockery of *Winter*: ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the frozen zone;
Where more than half the joyleſs year is night;
And, failing gradual, life at laſt goes out.
There undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs, and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.
Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling ſhore,
And into various ſhapes (as fancy leans)
Work'd by the wave, the cryſtal pillars heave,
Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome
Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beaſts, and men,
Riſe into mimic life, and ſink by turns.
The reſtleſs deep itſelf cannot reſiſt

The

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The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
Falls horrible. Such was the * *Briton's* fate,
As with firſt prow, (What have not *Britons* dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral task,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.

* Sir *Hugh Willoughby* ſent by Queen *Elizabeth* to diſcover the north-eaſt paſſage.

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Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live;
And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun,
(That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)
Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.
Deep form the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous chear,
They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Lie the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till long-expected morning looks at length
Faint on their fields (Where *Winter* reigns alone)
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice
Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,
Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends;
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain

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Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave——
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted main: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, the wretch's laſt reſort,
That, loſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round:
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
And his unweildy train, in horrid ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet *Providence*, that ever-waking eye,

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Looks down with pity on the fruitleſs toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! --- dread *Winter* has ſubdu'd the year,
And reigns tremendous o'er the deſart plains.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His ſolitary empire. Here, fond man,
Behold thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer*'s ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober *Autumn* fading into age,
And pale concluding *Winter* comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! *Virtue* ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,
His guide to happineſs on high.---And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and ſtarts to life,

In

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In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſuming! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that *Power*,
And *Wiſdom* oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall, and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving ſolitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay prompting his low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet a little while,
And what you reckon evil is no more;
The ſtorms of *Wintry time* will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

The END.

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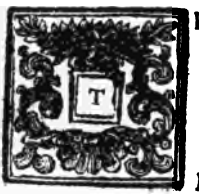
A

HYMN

On the SEASONS.



THESE, as they change, *Almighty Father*! these,
Are but the *varied God*. The rolling *Year*
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and Love.
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round the forests live;

And

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And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy Glory in the *Summer*-months,
With light, and heat, ſevere. Prone, then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year.
And oft thy voice in awful Thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales,
A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty ſhines
In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,
Profuſe o'er nature, falls the lucid ſhower
Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant ſtream,
Into the ſtores of ſteril *Winter* pours.
In *Winter* dreadful *Thou*! with clouds and ſtorms
Around *Thee* thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Horrible blackneſs! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, *Thou* bid'ſt the world below,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo harmonious mixt, ſo fitly join'd,
One following one in ſuch inchanting ſort,
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade,
And all ſo forming ſuch a perfect whole,
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.

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But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks *Thee* not, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring*;
Flings from the sun direct the *flaming Day*;
Feeds every creature; hurls the *Tempest* forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend; join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent, raise
An universal *Hymn!* to *Him*, ye gales,
Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown void with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye

Ye ſofter floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thy ſelf
Sound his tremendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Roll up your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to *Him*; whoſe ſun elates,
Whoſe hand perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts, bend; ye harveſts, wave to *Him*:
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
Homeward, rejoycing with the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled sky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy creator, ever darting wide,
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills; ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the *great Shepherd* reigns;

And

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And yet again the golden age returns.
Wildeſt of creatures, be not ſilent here;
But, hymning horrid, let the deſart roar.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a general ſong
Burſt from the groves; and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet *philomela*, charm
The liſtening ſhades; and thro' the midnight hour,
Trilling, prolong the wildly-luſcious note;
That night, as well as day may vouch his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles;
At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
Crown the great *Hymn*! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Concourſe of men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling frame encreaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
To find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the *God of Seaſons*, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether

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Whether the *Bloſſom blows*, the *Summer-Ray*;
Ruſſets the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;
Or *Winter* riſes in the reddening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy faint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to hoſtile barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me;
Since *God* is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte, as in the city full;
Rolls the ſame kindred *Seaſons* round the world,
In all apparent, wiſe, and good in all;
Since *He* ſuſtains, and animates the whole;
From ſeeming evil ſtill educes good,
And better thence again, and better ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.— But I loſe
My ſelf in *Him*, in light ineffable!
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe his praiſe.

The End.

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A

POEM

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sr. *ISAAC NEWTON.*

Inſcrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *Robert Walpole.*

HALL the great ſoul of *Newton* quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?

But

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But what can man?--- Even now the ſons of light
In ſtrains high-warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aſpire
In Nature's general ſymphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye ſhow your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from *Motion*'s ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of *Providence*,
Wide-working thro' this univerſal frame.

Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the *Suns*,
And *Planets* to their ſpheres! th' unequal task
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring Man the year, and oft diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,

And

And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent Glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*
First gazing thro', he by the blended power
Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*
To chear remoter planets numerous pour'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her

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Her every motion clear-discerning; He
Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue Infinite; and every *Star*,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O *Wisdom* truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,

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An univerſe compleat! and O belov'd
Of heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcan'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.

He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſu'd
The *Comet* thro' the long Eliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd,
The ſchools aſtoniſh'd ſtood; but found it vain
To keep at odds with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When *Newton* roſe, our philoſophic ſun.

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,

Till

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Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in.
Nor could the darting *Beam*, of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Even *Light it ſelf*, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of *Parent-Colours*. Firſt the flaming *Red*
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *Orange* next;
And next delicious *Yellow*; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing *Green*.
Then the pure *Blue*, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with froſt.
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dies from theſe reſult,

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And myriads ſtill remain ——— Infinite ſource
Of beauty, ever-fluſhing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image ought ſo fair,
Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe brook!
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture heaven deſcends!
Even now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous the *refractive Law*.

The noiſeleſs *Tide* of *Time*, all bearing down
To vaſt Eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtem'd alone; and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the muſe then graſp the mighty theme?

What

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What wonder thence that his *Devotion* ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd Univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that *Power*
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwith-held, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart,
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.
This, *Conduit*, from thy rural hours we hope;
As thro' the pleaſing ſhade, where Nature pours

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Her every ſweet, in ſtudious eaſe you walk;
The ſocial paſſions ſmiling at thy heart,
That glows with all the recollected ſage.

And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world——— "*'Tis done!*——— *The meaſure's full;*
"*And I reſign my charge.* Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt

While

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While *Newton* lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waſte of time.——— Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And Elegiac ſong. But *Newton* calls
For other Notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O *Britain*'s boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From *Light Himſelf*; Oh look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her *Genius* call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,

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Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth.
For, tho' deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While in expectance of the ſecond life,
When Time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

The End.

BRI-

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BRITANNIA.

A

POEM.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore *Britannia* ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majeſtick brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.

Nor

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Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the Main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen
Of nations ſpoke; and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

Even not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the *Parents*, and their endleſs line
Thro' late revolving time, can ſooth my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, the inſulting *Spaniard* dares
Inteſt the trading flood, full of vain War
Deſpiſe my Navies, and my Merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?

This

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This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous *Britons* never known before?
And fail'd my fleets for this; on *Indian* tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watry grave.
There now they lie beneath the rowling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the weeping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſham'd
Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated Merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath Equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the *Britiſh* lyon heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,

Dare

Dares rouze to wrath the Maſters of the Main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoaky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames*?

There was a time (Oh let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouſing thought!)
When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze,
Gaily the ſplendid Armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt; while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntleſs *Britons* came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of fate

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs thunder'd thro' their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters, deep they ſunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm,
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks the indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the Northern Main
Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* iſles.

Such were the dawnings of my liquid reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Even in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*
Aw'd angry nations with the *Britiſh* Name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let *Europe* ſay,
Suſtain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah what muſt theſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? theſe, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah how with indignation muſt they burn?

(If

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(If ought, but joy, can touch etherial breasts)
With shame? with grief? to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bl:d thro' many a toiling age.

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair *Peace*! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
Oh, *Peace*! thou source, and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence,

Science

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Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What

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What would not *Peace*! the Patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? What inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? What ſleepleſs toil?
Even from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable *War*; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate:
Then the good eaſy man, whom reaſon rules;
Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm;
Rouz'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp, and ſudden chack, th'aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe,
His bolder heart; in awful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges thro' the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men, no more
To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.

And what, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives?
What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?

Your

Your thunder wake? Your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your Trade intire, intire the force,
And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still: let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lyon's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbring terrors of a *British* Fleet?
Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,

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That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind
When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the publick, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell,
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabrick once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.

And

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And ſhould the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand Labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its antient tract
Left a vile channel deſolate, and dead,
With all around a miſerable waſte.
Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain;
(Whence wond'ring fable trac'd him from the ſky)
Even not that prime of earth, where harveſts crowd
On untill'd harveſts, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boaſted iſle: her Princeſs ſunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the duſt;
Unnerv'd her force; her ſpirit vaniſh'd quite;

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With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the ſign
Of what ſhe was; her Merchants ſcatter'd wide?
Her hollow ſhops ſhut up; and in her ſtreets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waſte Luxury impair
That manly ſoul of toil, which ſtrings your nerves
And your own proper happineſs creates!
Oh let not the ſoft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of *Liberty*; the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow Selfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt,
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;

Sloth,

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Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad Corruption sinks.
Oh shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,
The light of life! the sun of human kind!
Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While slavish Southern climates beam in vain,
And may a publick spirit from the *Throne*,
Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth
Live o'er the land! the finer Arts inspire;
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh Bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough Sons of lowest Labour smile.
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint

Pour

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Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a ſpark
Of publick virtue, blow it into flame.
And now my ſons, the ſons of freedom! meet
In awful ſenate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth; myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of *Britannia* round.

This ſaid; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and naught but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

The END.

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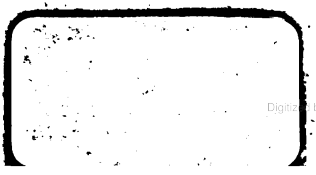
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